La Barbería

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Four Years later: Hannibal has settled in Cuba, putting his surgical precision and steady hand to a new use. Will is at the bottom of the Atlantic... or so Hannibal had thought.

AO3: TigerPrawn

Hannibal didn't look up when the shop bell rang. He never did these days.

He had stopped watching every door. Stopped turning at every shadow.

Had trained that reaction out of himself as he had many others before.

But today he looked up because it wasn't just the bell. It wasn't just the sound of a familiar gait on the tiled floor. It wasn't just the low, gruff tone that asked whether there were any available appointments.

No, before all of that. Between the ringing of the bell and the voice that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end, he knew.

Something with a ship on the bottle.

Hannibal placed down the cut throat razor and wiped the little foam that soiled his hand onto his apron as he turned to face his new customer.

"I can fit you in as soon as I am done here," Hannibal kept his voice level as he indicated the man in the barber's chair.

Somehow he kept his voice level.

It had never been a problem to do so before having met Will Graham. Before that ache had begun. Perhaps it was level because he was numb? His hands felt suddenly cold. A chill passing over him as though he had seen a ghost.

And of course, he had.

There before him stood a dead man. A man that had not been recovered from the Atlantic but that Hannibal had somehow always known he'd see again. A man he had hoped would walk

through his door. And though he never looked at that door anymore, never allowed the encroachment or pleasure of that distraction or fantasy, he never stopped hoping.

“Just a shave,” It almost seemed like a command from Will, whose eyes were a stormy and penetrating blue under the shop lights. “A trim,” Will clarified whilst running a hand over the nearly neat and substantial beard that he’d grown. No sign of his scarred cheek. Hannibal’s eyes were drawn to the scar on Will’s forehead instead, one of his creation. Amongst others.

“As you wish,” Hannibal gave a curt nod and gestured towards the two chairs for waiting customers. When Will sat, Hannibal turned back to his client, picking up the blade once more.

His hand was steady, as he ignored the childish impulse to slash the man’s throat to have him done with quicker. But, in the end, it was less of a mess to finish his shave and send him on his way fresh faced.

After taking the customer’s payment he lead Will to the chair, allowing him to sit as he placed the cape around him.

“You were adrift the last time I saw you,” Hannibal chose his words deliberately, multiple implications.

Will quirked a brow and answered only, “Chiyoh. Her debt to you had been repaid, her debt to me has been now too.”

Hannibal smiled, “Atta girl.”

There was silence for a moment as they studied each other’s reflections. Four years older and warmed by the Cuban sun streaming through the window.

“Just a trim,” Hannibal repeated the request.

“I’ve had my fill of close shaves, I’m sure you have too,” There was amusement in Will’s tone and he couldn’t help the twitch of his own lips.

“Tell me Will, are we expecting more company? Friends from Interpol?”

“Not that I’m aware of,” Will didn’t seem offended by the query. He looked at their reflection, eyes locked onto Hannibal’s, “It would be counterproductive if I turned you in having spent all this time trying to find you.”

Hannibal hummed his agreement and picked up his scissors and comb, avoiding Will’s gaze as he went to work.

“I missed you,” Will said quietly, but with absolutely no hesitation.

Hannibal felt his chest swell, felt that familiar ache grow and break, shattering into a spreading warmth.

I love you too, Will

Hannibal smiled.

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